*Hot.* Come *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying downe,
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

*La.* Go, yee giddy gooſe.

*The Muſicke playes.*

*Hot.* Now I perceive the Divell underſtands *Welſh*.
And 'tis no marvell he is ſo humorous,
Birlady he is a good muſician.

*La.* Then would you be nothing but muſicall,
For you are altogether by humours:
Lie ſtill, ye thiefe, and heare the Lady ſing in *Welſh*.

*Hot.* I had rather heare, Lady, my breech howle in *Iriſh*.

*La.* Would'ſt have thy head broken?

*Hot.* No.

*La.* Then be ſtill.

*Hot.* Neither, 'tis a womans fault.

*La.* Now God helpe thee.

*Hot.* To the *Welſh* Ladies bed.

*La.* What's that?

*Hot.* Peace, ſhee ſings.

*Heere the Lady ſings a Welſh Song.*

*Hot.* Come, i'le have your Song too.

*La.* Not mine in good ſooth.

*Hot.* Not yours in good ſooth? Hart, you ſweare like a comfitmakers wife, not you in good ſooth, & as true as I live, and as God ſhall mend me, and as ſure as day:
And giveſt ſuch ſarcenet ſurety for thy othes,
As if thou never walk'ſt further then *Finsbury*.
Sweare me, *Kate*, like a Lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave in ſooth,
And ſuch proteſt of pepper ginger-bread,
To velvet gards, and Sunday Cittizens.
Come, ſing.

*La.* I will not ſing.

*Hot.* 'Tis the next way to turne taylor, or be red-breſt teacher: and the indentures be drawne, i'le away within theſe 2. hours, and ſo come in when you will. *Exit.*

*Glen.* Come, come; Lord *Mortimer*, you are ſlow,
As *Hot* Lord *Percy* is on fire to goe.

By



By this our Booke is drawne, wee'le b
And then to horſe immediately.

*Mor.* With all my heart.

*Enter the King, Prince of Wale*

*King.* Lords, give us leave, the *Prince*
Muſt have ſome private conference, b
For we ſhall preſently have need of yo
I know not whether God will have it
For ſome diſpleaſing ſervice I have do
That in his ſecret doome, out of my bl
Hee'le breed revengement and a ſcour
But thou doſt in the paſſages of life,
Make me beleeve, that thou art onely
For the hot vengeance and the rod of H
To puniſh my mis-treadings. Tell me
Could ſuch inordinate and low deſires
Such poore, ſuch bare, ſuch lewd, ſuch
Such barren pleaſures, rude ſociety,
As thou art matcht withall, and grafte
Accompany the greatneſſe of thy blo
And hold their levell with thy Princ

*Prin.* So pleaſe your Majeſty, I wou
Quite all offences with as cleare excu
As well as I am doubtleſſe I can purge
My ſelfe of many I am charg'd withall
Yet ſuch extenuation let me beg,
As in reproofe of many tales deviſde,
Which oft the eare of Greatneſſe nee
By ſmiling pick-thankes, and baſe ne
I may for ſome things true, wherein m
Hath faulty wandred, and irregular
Finde pardon on my true ſubmiſſion.

*King.* God pardon thee, yet let me
At thy affections, which doe hold a wi
Quite from the flight of all thy anceſto
Thy place in Councell thou haſt rude
Which by thy yonger Brother is ſupp
And art almoſt an alien to the hearts